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THE PEACE OF GOD.

O Refuge in sorrow ! O Saviour from sip No storm shakes our dwelling

If Thou art within ! Our bark fears no shipwreck If Thou art en board --Our King and our Helper,-Our Brother, our Lord!

We sought Thee for years,-Without, there were fightings; Within, there were fears, But now dawns the morning The darkness hath fled,-Unfelt. He hath held us

Unseen, He hath led, O souls that still struggle, That long to be blest. The door standeth open,-

Come enter and rest! We preach no new gospel But that you have heard; This only we ask you-

Take God at His word. One sentence we bring you Which oft ve have read :-Believe, when He said it He meant what he said -

"Be careful for nothing In everything tell Your trouble to Him who Hath loved you so well.

"Be careful for nothing!" In great things, in small, That love is sufficient Which worketh through all. Dear Master, forgive us, Poor sinners, who dare To limit the mercy

Which answers our prayer

O Infinite fuliness! What canst Thou not be To those who, believing Come boldly to Thee ? No storm shakes the dwelling When Thou art within, O Strength for our weakness O Saviour from sin!

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S LULLABY

Sleep, my own darling, Bye, baby, bye; Mother is with thee, Husb, baby. (Turning to sleet and hall: Ah, how the pine tree moans and mutters !-

Bye, baby, bye; Mother is with thee, Bye baby, bye. Down in the parlor? There's so much to show her! Bye-bye, my sweetest. (Now the rain's pouring! s it the wind or the dining. com fire that's roaring?)

Bye, baby, bye; Mother is with thee Bye, baby, bye, w lovely his forehead !-my own blessed pet! He's nearly asleep. (Now I mustn't forget That pork in the brine, and the stair-rads to-morrow. God shield him forever from trouble and sorrow!

Bye, baby, bye; Mother is with thee, Phose dear little ringlets, so silky and bright (I do hope the muffins will rise nice and light.) How lovely he is! (Yes she said she could fry.) Oh, what would I do if my baby should die Sleep, my own darling,

Mother is with thee. Bye, baby, bye. My own precious baby! (It's clearing away: The moon's coming out; and there's no wind at all. We may have a good drying for once, after all.)

Sleep, my own darling, Bye, baby, bye; Mother is with thee Bye, baby, bye, That sweet little hand, and the soft dimpled cheek!

He'll wake when I move. There! his bed isn't mad Bye, baby, bye; Mother is with thee, No matter; the sofa will do for a minute he arm-chair'd be better, if puss wasn't in it. He's off now-the blessed! How funny it seems hat an innocent baby should scowl in its dreams?

How tightly he's holding my dress! I'm afraid

Sleep, my own darling, There, baby, there; Mother will lay thee Snug in the chair, He's settled at last. But I can't leave him so, Though I ought to be going this instant, I know. There's everything standing and waiting down stair

Husbands and fathers will be please to learn that "small checks" are to fashionable for silks next summer.

There used to be a "tide in the affairs of men," but of late the tied has been all in the back affairs of the women.

It is a sad moment for a bachelor when he finds that his hair is so thin that he is unable to hold a pen over his

The following is a true copy of a letter received by a village schoolmaster: "Sur, as you are a man of nolege, I intend to inter my son in your skull."

cruel commentator remarks that there must be a big hole out there somewhere. The present style of weather calls to

mind the remark of a sable brother, that "he had 'mos' allers noticed, if he lived fro de month of March, he lived fro de

last night, Tom?" "Yes, and I also noticed that you kept it up all the way Four-years old to his mother holding the baby: "Say, mamma, say! Zat

back agin !" A western editor received a letter from subscriber asking him to publish a

that he could not suggest a cure until he knew what ailed the worms. notify you that I intend to shoot it the first time I see it." "The dog is not mad." "Mad? I know he's not mad:

cure for apple-tree worms. He replied

me that's mad !" through one of the hills of western Massachusetts, was met with a bow and respectful salutation from a boy by the roadside, by which he knew, as he said, es of civilization!

DOG STORIES. person at first denied any connections with him, and only admitted the own-A gentleman of wealth and position ership when he was perfectly satisfied in London had, some years ago, a counthat his interrogator had no connection try-house and farm about sixty miles with the police. For some time also he from the metropolis. At this country refused to part with the poodle, saying residence he kept a number of dogs, and among them a very large mastiff and Scotch terrier; and at the close of one of his summer residences in the country he resolved to bring his terrier with him to London for the winter season. There being no railway to that particular part of the country, the dog traveled with the servants in a post-carriage, and on his arrival at the town-house was brought out to the stable, where a large Newfoundland dog was kept as a watch-dog. This latter individual looked with anything but pleasure on the arrival of the little intruder from the country; and consequently the Scotch terrier had not been very long in his new home when this canine master of the stable attacked him and, in the language of human beings, gave him a sound thrashing. The little animal could, of course, never hope by himself to chastise his host for this inhospitable welcome, but he determined that by some agency chastisement should come. Accordingly, he lay very quiet that night in a remote corner of the stacountry life, had resolved to return to ble, but when morning had fully shone his former home, and had made his way forth he was nowhere to be found. to Folkstone: there, as the gentleman Search was made for him, as the phrase afterward ascertained, he had got on a says, high and low, but without success: steamer going to Boulogne, and from and the conclusion reluctantly arrived Boulogne had found his way back to at was he had been stolen. On the third morning after his disappearance, however, he again showed himself in London, but this time not alone : for, to the amazement of every one, he entered the stable attended by the big mastiff from Kent. This great brute had no sooner arrived than he flew at the Newfoundland dog who had badly treated his little terrier friend, and a severe contest ensued, which the little terries bimself, seated at a short distance, viewed with the utmost satisfaction. The result of the battle was that the mastiff came off the conqueror, and gave his opponent a tremendous beating. When he had quite satisfied himself as to the result, this great avenger from Kent scarcely

waited to receive the recognition of his

master, who had been sent for immedi-

ately on the dog's arrival, but at one

marched out of the stable, to the door of

which the little terrier accompanied him,

and was seen no more. Some Iew days

afterward, however, the gentleman re-

ceived a letter from his steward in the

country, informing him of a 'sudden ap-

pearance of the terrier there, and his as

sudden disappearance along with the

for him, but he had just returned home

again. It then, of course, became quite

unable to punish the town bully, had

thought of his "big brother" in the coun-

which separated them, in order to gain

his assistance, and had recounted to him

mastiff had consented to come and

avenge his old friend, had traveled with

him to London, and, having fulfilled his

promise, had returned home, leaving the

little fellow free from annovance in the

The following well-known story is strong example of the great intelligence which may be developed in a dog by careful training: A fashionably dressed English gentleman was one day crossing one of the bridges over the Siene at Paris, when he felt something knocked against his leg, and, looking down, he found that a small poodle-dog had rubbed against him and covered his boot with mud. He was, of course, much annoyed, and execrated the little brute pretty freely; but when he got to the other side of the bridge he had his boots cleaned at a stand for the purpose, and thought no more about the matter. Some days after the occurrence, however, he A western woman having been spoken | had occasion again to cross that bridge of as "having one foot in the grave." a | and the same little incident occurred thinking this somewhat odd, he resolved to watch where the little dog went to and, leaning against the side of the bridge, he followed with his eye the movement of his dirty little friend. saw him rub against the feet of one "Did you notice how splendidly I gentleman after another, till he had exwent through that last reel at the ball hausted all the mud off his once white skin, then rush off down the bank to the river, and there roll himself in the mud collected at the side. Having thus got a new supply of dirt, the little animal

that no money could pay him for the loss of his dog, who really made his living for him. Tempted, however, by very high price, he at last consented to sell the dog; and the gentleman, a few days afterward, brought him over to England, traveling via Boulogne to Folkstone. His residence in England was some thirty or forty miles from his little purchase. He had not been many days in his new home, however, when the little French poodle suddenly disappeared. Search was made for him everywhere, but to no effect. His new master offered a reward for him, but with the same result; and he had at last made up his mind that the fellow had been either poisoned or stolen, when one morning, about six weeks after his dis appearance, the gentleman received letter from a friend in Paris telling him that his dog was back again there, and at his old trade of soiling boots in the interest of his former master. The little fellow, not liking the dullness of a

A LESSON TO BOYS.

I think that boys and young men not fully realize the dangers of the pos tion in which they place themselves by vielding to the voice of temptation, that bids them to partake of the deadly poison, alcohol. Could they fully understand that their folly was creating an appetite that would lead them to rnir or harness them for life, they would turn quickly away from the tempter. But they are always blinded to the power of their enemy, and rest upon the false be lief that they will never fall where others have done.

A few days since I chanced to hear reformed drunkard tell a little portion of his life-history, which is a terrible warning to boys that are not yet slaves to the burning appetite for strong drink. He had been a drunkard for forty years, and had sunk very low in the dark pit of intemperance. These wasted years had been full of misery, and the poor wretched man often wished to die. Bu a temperance society was formed in hi neighborhood, and some of its members large mastiff, and stating that the latter sought to save him. A few kind words had remained away three or four days, made him try to save himself, and h during which they had searched in vain became a member of the Lodge. Six years have passed away since then, and he has kept his pledge sacred. He is clear that the little dog, finding himself member of three different temperance so cieties, and he is also a faithful worker in the church of God. He is an earnes try, had traveled over the sixty miles temperance worker and an active Chris tian, and I had supposed that no earth ly power could ever cause him to stum his grievance; it was plain also that the

ble into the pitfall of intemperance again But I was very much surprised to hear him say that he was as weak as child even yet, and that it required all of his mortal strength and "eternal watchfulness" to keep from falling into his old ways, "for," said he, "my appe tite is just as strong to night for alcohol as it was six years ago. I should have fallen long ago," he continued, "unless had trusted in God, to overcome These temperance societies have helped me a great deal, but had I trusted in them alone I should have fallen. I need all the help I can obtain, both from man and God, for this terrible appetite would prove my ruin was I left to myself. would give all I possess in the world to be free from it. Yet I expect it will

haunt me to my grave." Poor man! how I pity him in his bondage. He will suffer as long as life lasts, and God grant that he may have grace to keep from falling. Had he never tasted the deadly poison he would have been, no doubt, a happy, useful man in the world. But he has much to be thankful for even now, for he is undoubtedly saved from a drunkard's grave by the kindness of God, who lifted him from the ditch through human hands. Boys, never, never meddle with the deadly poison, for it will, in some way, cast a shadow over your life.

KEEP YOUR AGREEMENTS .- One reason why many people do not get along in the world is because they cannot be squalling 'ittle baby seems to sink 'ee's run up to the bridge again, and proceed- depended upon. They do not keep their ze only chile you got! I'd give him ed to transfer it to the boots of the pass- agreements. When they are weighed ers-by, as before. Having watched his in the balance of actual affairs they are movements for some time, the gentleman | too often found wanting. They are selnoticed that on one occasion, instead dom on time. The workman who is alof running down to the river, he went ways on hand at the appointed time and off to the proprietor of the stand for place, and does his work according to morning and bit me on the leg, and I | bridge, who received him very cordially. | young mechanic starting in life, the hab-The truth then for the first time dawned it of promptness and punctuality is trained by him to perform these mis- not to be despised. The trustworthiness the Englishman resolved to purchase faithful one causes him to lose money ever, he went to the dog's master, that keep his engagements.

CLIMBING A VOLCANO.

Mr. D. S. Richardson, United States searctary of Legation at Mexico, ascended in February last the peak of Orizaba, or Sitlatepetl, as it is called by the Aztees, the star mountain of the Anahauc. He had previously climbed to the top of Popocatepetl, and from its summit had gazed out over a sea of clouds to the frozen top of its mighty rival, and now the position was reversed. Mr. Richardson was accompanied by Mr. Eustace Morphy, who, with indomitable pluck, held out to the last. The point from which the ascent of Orizaba is generally undertaken is San Andres Chalchicomula, a pleasant little town which lies directly inder the great volcano, at its southwestern base. Here the sulphur miners and the ice cutters come down to sell the products of their hazardous industry.

At 1 o'clock on the 10th of February, they began their climb up the mountain. For several hours their path wound up through the desolate ravines which separate the Sierra Negra from the peak. Great masses of volcanic rock were observed in fantastic shapes on every side, and on the entire face of the country, half covered with snow, could be read the signs of the savage convulsions which some day must have shaken the mountains to their foundations.

On the morning of the 11th the party resumed their march at 2 o'clock and

the ascent is thus described to us by Secretary Richardson: We were six all told, four Indians, Morphy and myself. No party ever tried an ascent with better fellows for guides. They knew every inch of the round, were strong and good natured, and took a lively interest in the success of our enterprise. As we were the first to go up after the heavy storms, we went prepared to have a tough climb. The indians said we would reach the top at 10 o'clock, which was giving us seven hours to do it in. Under ordinary circumstances, and when the snow is in the best condition, the sulphur miners go up in five or six hours from the cave, but on the present occasion they had underestimated the difficulties. The snow was low down and very heavy, and long before the sun peeped up over the murky horizon we were hopelessly launched upon the long, glistening slant, one end of "bioh seemed reaching out to touch the stars and the other shot for helow ne in. o a bank of clouds. Sunlight found us on the south side of the mountain, on a level about equal to the height of the Sierra Negra. The ascent now began to be very laborious, and for the first time we began cutting footsteps in the ice in order to proceed. When half way up the mountain, the route usually taken is along a ledge of rocks which reaches up out of the snow like the dorsal fin of a shark and runs clear to the top. In this respect, Orizaba differs very much from its kindred peak, Popocatepelt. Sharp, jagged points of rock stick out all over its surface like the spines of a porcupine, while the summit of Popocatepetl is a clean, unbroken cone. These rocks on the slopes of Orizaba are one of the principal sources of danger in the cent, as they often come tumbling down in great quantities; but at the time our adventure they were all held fast by the unusually heavy fall of snow. This was a point in our favor : but if we did not have to dodge rocks, there was no lack of active operation in other respects

The higher we went the more abrupt be came the ascent and the more uncertain the foothold. Ten o'clock came around and the summit was still far above us Every step now had to be cut out of the solid ice, and the fatigue and light air were beginning to tell on our uninitiated muscles. At 11 o'clock we were at the foot of what is known as the rocks of the arrepentimiento. This is the last grand pull, the home-stretch, and it could not be more appropriately named. It is probably not over 300 yards to the top, but it is almost a perpendicular wall of ice, and as it is reached when the adventurer is already fainting and about ready to give up, it is a formidable obstacle. We were three hours in getting over it, and then almost fainting and completely exhausted, we threw ourselves down on a little shelf of sand at

It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon when they reached the summit, just eleven hours after their departure from the Cave of Santa Cruz, which is itself no less than 13,000 feet above the sea. Two of the Indians left the party preferring to climb the mountain next morning to spending the night on its top. Mr. Richardson says that that was the most horrible night he ever hopes to

the top of the peak."

"Shortly after our arrival a cold wind came up that struck us to the very bone. "That dog of yourn flew at me this cleaning boots, at the other end of the agreement, is sure to get along. To a There was no shelter to be obtained, as the descent into the crater was impossible, and the excavations from which the on him that the little animal belonged to worth more than a thousand dollars cash Indians take sulphur were covered deep What has he got to be mad about? It's the man who cleaned the boots, and was capital-although a thousand dollars is with ice and snow. The bald, naked peak presented but one point where it A philosophical clergyman riding chievous deeds for the purpose of bring- of the faithful workman produces money was possible to spend the night. A little ing in custom. Being very fond of dogs, but the untrustworthiness of the un- below the lip of the crater, on the southern side, a little steam escapes through this clever little fellow and bring him This is an everlasting principle. He who a bed of sand, and here the snow is "that he was getting beyond the bounds | back to England with him. When, how- would be permanently prosperous must | melted off of a spot about a rod square. | jects the occupant to the malicious at-

We had no eyes for the magnificent panorama which was spread out before us. or the sun, which was going down bloodred in the west; we were too utterly miserable and cold. I do not think any of us slept a wink all night. Our blankets froze stiff as boards, and all attempts to light a little spirit lamp and make coffee were fruitless. We could not even drink our wine, for it had turned to ice in the bottles. Thus hour after hour of the longest night I ever spent dragged by, and at length signs of day began to creep up slowly from the east. Almost too stupefied and stiff to move. we were only induced to crawl out from our holes by the stern realization of our desperate situation. The wind, too, now began to go down somewhat, and after moving about a little we felt better. Making our way up to the topmost pinnacle, we planted our flagstaff and unfurled our blood-red banner to the

The crater of Orizaba, which is much smaller than the Popocatepetl, is still an awful chasm, and is probably not far from two miles in circumference. could not take measurements of it. all the instruments were down the mountain with the other party. It shows no signs of life, and with the exception of the heated sand on which we passed the night, we failed to notice any evidences of volcanic action still going on. But what a contrast this awful stillness to the great convulsions of which this had a magnificent view for about an could reach peak after peak of magnitude told the story of its volcanic birth. By a queer coincidence I had brought The Last Days of Pompeii with me to read in leisure moments, and as I looked out at the world at my feet, and thought of Bulwer's vivid description of the last days of that doomed city, the thought suggested itself, . Who knows how many Pomperis are buried beneath these hoary hills, and what tales might these rocks repeat if they would?""

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

Special Correspondence. WASHINGTON, April 18, 1877.

REWARD FOR POLITICAL SERVICES. We have heretofore contended that the political services of its adherents. Such policy is by no means inconsistent with an elevated civil service. If a party contending for the control of the government has not within its own fold sufficient virtue and intelligence to manage the ship of state amid the dangers which beset all administrations, it can have very

little claim upon popular confidence. We were pleased to witness the President's approval of this political tenet in the appointment of his Cabinet. Mr. Evarts was selected, not only because of his eminent ability as a jurist and statesman, but because of his very valuable political services during the late Presidential campaign, and his powerful argument before the electoral commission. Mr. Sherman's appointment as Secretary of the Treasury was suggested in consideration of his fitness of the place, his political services in the Senate, and as one of a commission to Louisiana in the interest of the Republican party. Mr. McCrary had been the originator in the House of the proceedings which resulted in the selection of the tribunal to which was referred the questions involved in the electoral count. His political services as a Representative and as an advocate during the campaign attracted the attention of the President. Hence his reward. To Mr. Schurz the President owed much for his distinguished services on the stump. The President has now evidenced his gratitude by now making him one of his advisers. It may be, with equal truth, said that the selection of Mr. Devens and Mr. Thompson were made as rewards for distinguished party services. The appointment of Mr. Key was an exception, prompted by considerations of party policy having in view the building up of an anti-Democratic organization in the South.

The President has followed up his convictions in his selection of Mr. Mc-Cormick as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and of Mr. Bell, as Assistant Secretary of the Interior. These gentlemen had rendered conspicuous political services, and are well deserving the rewards of their labors. The retention of Mr. Stiles as appointment clerk in the Department of the Interior does the Secretary great credit. During the past eight years and especially in the late campaign his pen proved to be a most valuable disseminator of political truths. Well is he deserving of all commendation. If it be, as we opine it must be, admitted that this recognition of the polit-

cal services of heads of Departments and Bureaux is in accordance with right, and is not antagonistic to the purity and efficiency of the civil service, why should not the same policy be extended to the subordinates? There is no argument in favor of the one that does not have equal force in favor of the other. Republicans know very well what the Democracy would have done had Tilden been inaugurated. The organization of the House of Representatives illustrated that. Take care of your friends is the rule by which public men must be guided, if they expect to be sustained. The experience of the past should be the light by which they should be guided in the present and in the future. In this way they "will serve their party best," and do the country no wrong.

LIBELING PUBLIC SERVANTS. It is to be much lamented that in our country the holding of a public position of profit or trust almost invariably sub-Into this sand we scratched a hole, and, tacks of the low and unscrupulous. The makes me mad."

pulling our blankets over us, laid down. brighter the mark the more poisonous the shaft aimed at the public or private character of the victim. In the near past we know of no officer of the Government who has been the object of ma-

Week after week the Washington Capitol had made Mr. Chandler the theme for its satire and false accusation. In the last issue, however, it gives evidence of remorse by admitting the effusion of a favored contributor who tells its readers that the ex-Secretary "has always been a man of convictions"—that his official record will "not be blackened that "the epithet of 'Thief' has never been applied to him by his most reckless oe"-that "no one is more ready to award praise for his honesty as an official than the gentleman of this journal." We might extend these extracts, but the foregoing will suffice to show that, in

science, to praise him. THE MAMMOTH PUBLIC DOCUMENT.

Mr. Chandler's case, even his enemies

have been made, by compunction of con-

There is a public document now being repared in the War Department, for ablication, which for mammoth size and nteresting contents will, when completed, dwarf all prior issues from the Governmental printing press of the country We allude to the official records of the War of the rebellion, embracing all the important records connected with the operations of the Union Army, and such of the Confederate Army as are now in our possession or can be secured. Preparations for this publication have been going on for some time. How far it will preserve to fame or damn to infamy the names of many who figured in the fierce strife on either side it is difficult to conecture; but there is to be perfect impartiality in the selection of the material hour after sunrise, and as far as the eve for the work. The Document will extend to one hundred volumes of h hundred pages each, making fifty thousand pages of printed matter. The very contemplation of the magnitude of these archives is sufficient to make old bookworms scratch their heads and pray for an extension of their several leases of

HOW TO EXPLODE A LAMP.

of the circumstances which lead to the explosion of kerosene lamps, the philosophy of all of them being that the flame may pass down the wick and ignite the rest of his life. He did not know its vapor which accumulates in the upper | locality at the time, but found afterward portion of the lamp. This ignition of that it was among the Moosic Mountains, the vapor may be brought about as fol- in Wayne county, Pa. The great forest

1. A lamp may be standing on a ble or mantel, and a slight puff of air | fled deeper into the wilderness. After

where there is a draught, or out-of-doors.

and an explosion ensues. 4. A lighted lamp is taken up a flight game, fish, roots and berries. At the of stairs, or is raised quickly to place it | time of his death his form was much on the mantel, resulting in an explosion. | bent. The clothing that hung in rags In these cases the mischief is done by and tatters from his person had been the air movement-either by suddenly donned twenty-two years ago, and never checking the draught or forcing air taken off. It was held together by hick-

down the chimney against the flame. tinguish the light is a frequent cause of | waist, and hair of the same color hang-

by using a chimney broken off at the ed with comb or brush for forty-five top, or one that has a piece broken out, whereby the draught is variable and the flame unsteady.

7. Sometimes a thoughtless person -were his constant companions. It was puts a small wick into a large burner, his boast that he had read his Bible thus leaving considerable space along through twice a year ever since he had the edges of the wick. An old burner, been in the wilderness. He held daily with its air draught clogged up, which rightfully should be thrown away, is sometimes continued in use, and the final result is an explosion.

WHAT NASBY WANTS NOW .- Nasby

oncludes that the success of the Democracy in 1880 will depend upon the following conditions: We want a succeshn uf disasters dooring the next four years, and we must do all we kin to hev um. Hard times is alluz charged up to party in power and makes men pine for a change. A healthy potato rot would be worth thousands uv votes to us, and a smashin panic would be even better. Wat we want is a period uv uooniversal depreshn. We want mills stopped, prodoose down to a mere nothin, potato rot, grasshoppers, kolera, and likker to go up to fifteen cents a drink. Ef cood be supplemented by an earthquake, hurricanes, valler fever, weevele in the wheat, cut worms in the North and cotton worms in the South, floods drouths and yooniversal rooin and disaster, we cood elect the next President. Give us these with a choice assortment uv other disasters, an we shel win, for the people will be very apt to say that after all a Dimekratic administrashen cood not be wuss. We want rooin for a while to make the Dimocrasy endoorable.

Lavender was aroused in the middle of the night by his wife, who complained that she heard a noise. "What does it sound like?" asked he. "It sounds like something ticking," said she. is probably the bed-ticking," he murmured, and went off to sleep again.

We once heard of a rich man who was accident," said he, "that I mind; run over by an old swill cart, that's what | See what we have lost by living in this

THE LEHMAN HERMIT DEAD.

On Monday and Tuesday a fearful

storm of snow and wind prevailed throughout the Delaware Valley. Drifts licious assault by tongue and pen than many feet deep formed in the Pike coun-Hon. Z. Chandler, late Secretary of the ty mountains, and the weather was bitter cold. On Friday, persons living in the northern part of Lehman township found the cabins of a number of hooppole cutters nearly buried with snow. and the inmates almost dead with hunger and cold. In a ten-foot drift, near the top of one of the mountains, they found the dead body of Austin Sheldon, in history by the stain of baseness"- better known as the "Hermit of Lehman." He had lived over forty years in a cave in the rocks, near the entrance of which his body was found. Sheldon was nearly 72 years old. He was discovered in his cave thirty years ago by hunters. He said he had been living there ten years, and had not seen any human beings in that time. His cave was nine miles from Dingman's village. Nothing was known of the hermit's history until a year ago. Then some mention of him was made in a New York newspaper of his living as a hermit. The paragraph was seen by parties in Stony Creek, Conn., from which a man named Austin Sheldon had disappeared forty-four years before. A brother and sister of the missing man, both wealthy, started to look the hermit up. They reached his cave one day about dusk. The hermit was their brother, but he could not be induced to leave his cave, even with the offer of \$25,000, and a luxurious home as long as he lived. It was learned from the brother and sister of the hermit that he had lost his wife after a brief married life. peared the day on which she was buried and not a word had been heard from him until the item in the newspaper was seen. His friends thought he had gone to sea and died.

Before he took up his abode in the Pike county cave, Sheldon says he roam-The Scientific American gives some | ed for five years through the woods of Connecticut, Vermont and New York, shunning civilization. At last he found a cave in which he concluded to live the that surrounded his cave soon attracted the attention of the lumbermen, and he cave in the wild region where he died. 2. A lamp may be taken up quickly For over forty years he lived in this from a table or mantel and instantly ex- hole in the rocks. Originally not more than eight feet square, accumulation of 3. A lamp is taken out into the entry | the rubbish of forty years reduced its proportion so that there was barely room to turn about in it. Sheldon lived on ory withes. He never washed. A thick, 5. Blowing down the chimney to ex- gray beard that hung almost to his ing over his shoulders, was matted with 6. Lamp explosions have been caused | burrs and twigs, and had not been touchyears. He never went far away from his cave. A long staff and an ancient Bible-the latter hanging from his belt communications with God, he said, and talked with the prophets of old. Several times his cave had been surrounded with forest fires, and almost every avenue of escape cut off, but he calmly remained in his retreat, reading his Bible, until removed by woodsmen thoughtful of his safety. Nearly every winter for years he had been rescued from freezing and starving. He never made any effort to save himself, saving he was in the hands of God. The cave in which he lived was permeated with so horrid a stench that visitors could not remain in it, and the hermit himself was covered with filth and vermin. Sheldon was an educated man. His family is among the leading ones of Connecticut.

> AN' ANCIENT DINNER .- Queen Elizabeth's breakfast used to consist chiefly of strong ale and salt beef, and the same dainties were served up for her supper after she had retired to bed.

In 1669, we are told by a chronicler of the times, a series of entertainments were given by the nobility, each striving to outdo the others. All declared in favor of Lord Goring, whose brilliant fancy suggested a device which struck with amazement and admiration all who beheld it. It will be hard for us to take in the whole magnificence of the scene; but let us strive to imagine a long table, on which were placed four huge, brawny, roasted pigs, all piping hot, and bitted and harnessed with ropes of sausage to an enormous pudding bag, which served

for a chariot What would our modern guests think of being invited to partake of such a injured by being run over. "It isn't the tandem team at our dinner-table? But that these were the good old times, and we isn't the thing-but the idea of being can hardly expect ever to see the like. degenerate nineteenth century !